

God Help Us

Screeching Weasel

When you're asleep
And you're trying to keep off the edge of your mind
I'll be there
Floating, it seems, on a cloud made of dreams
You must know that you don't have a prayer

A kaleidoscope city and hive
Both are silently raising their knives
Do you know what you made?
Oh, the thing you created survived
It's alive

Look in my eyes
Do you see that the irises seem to be spinning around?
Pulling you in with the promise of sin
Build you up and then drag you back down

Every sick and unnatural drive
Is made flesh in you as you revive
Do you know what you made?
Oh, that thing you created survived
It's alive, God help us

Here I am, baby
Do you finally believe what I am?
Here I am, baby
Do you like what you see?
I'm the twenty-first century man
Oh yes, I am

And your flesh and your blood has arrived
To ensure you're no longer deprived
Do you know what you made?
Oh, that thing you created survived
It's alive, God help us

Here I am, baby
Do you finally believe what I am?
Here I am, baby
Do you like what you see?
I'm the twenty-first century man
I'm the twenty-first century man

I'm the twenty-first century man
I'm the twenty-first century man
I'm the twenty-first century man